PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-39

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 9 • No. 27 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • DECEMBER 30, 1938 5 CENTS

WE GET ANOTHER POLICEMAN

WE DON'T NEED THIS NEW POLICEMAN

Well, with the aid of August Vollmer and abetted by the city council, Frederick Bechdolt, commissioner of police, put it over on us at Wednesday afternoon's meeting of the city council and succeeded in adding to the Carmel police department a new policeman whom we don't need any more than a dog needs two tails.

It was just one of those things that we expected some few months ago, and frustrated when we made the plan public. Then, you remember, THE CYMBAL discovered that the Carmel Business Association wanted to drop D. E. Nixon, their night watchman, and have the police department furnish them a man for the job at city expense. We published that and nothing happened although Bechdolt admitted to us that that was the plan. Now they have their extra man and the taxpayers' money goes wild again.

Just what we think about Vollmer's report on which the council acted in appointing this new man appears elsewhere in this issue of THE CYMBAL.

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OUR HANDS ARE OFF IN SCHOOL SITE MATTER

We have been accosted by citizens and persons with axes to grind regarding the action of the board of trustees of the Sunset School district in selecting an outside architect for the proposed new Carmel high school, and the board's probable selection this next week of a site for the proposed building. We have been asked to do something about it; to protest the action naming Ernest J. Kump, Jr., to prepare the plans for the building; to set forth an argument in favor of a local architect.

We are not moved. The advisory committee of 30 citizens met and discussed the entire situation and on a vote placed the matter of selecting an architect and a site completely up to the trustees. That lets us out, and lets the citizens out. If the committee had not had faith in the trustees, who were elected by the people, it probably wouldn't have taken this action. But it did and that settles it as far as we are concerned.

It settles things as far, we should say, as an architect and a site for the school are concerned. These two things will not materially affect the welfare of the pupils of the proposed new high school. Other things that will be within the realm of action of the trustees will affect our children and when these other things come up we shall have our say and say it vigorously. We have quite definite ideas in regard to the personnel of the new high school faculty and we shall state them when the time comes. Meanwhile the matter of the architect and the site are, we consider, of little consequence when it comes to the welfare of our children.

—W. K. B.

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Mrs. Helen Wills Moody has been a guest of the Willis Walkers at Pebble Beach for the Christmas celebrations. She attended the eggnog party given at the Mission Ranch Club on Sunday afternoon.

BURGE IS GIVEN CONTRACT FOR OCEAN AVE. SHRUBS

Joe Burge has been awarded the contract by the parks and playgrounds commission for supplying 825 small juniper shrubs and 60 large trees for the central park strip on Ocean avenue. The contract price is $496.32 for the lot.

The council was notified of this action at its Wednesday afternoon meeting by Corum Jackson, chairman of the parks commission. This is not the complete planting job, Jackson explained, but provides for four of the five blocks. The matter of vines, trees and shrubs for the sidewalks will come later.

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Francis McComas, Artist, Dies

Francis J. McComas, internationally known artist, died at his Pebble Beach home last Tuesday. Funeral services were held early Wednesday morning at St. John's Chapel, Del Monte, with the Rev. Theodore Bell officiating. Pallbearers were S. F. B. Morse, Henry Potter Russell, Harry Hunt, Roger Lapham, Paul Winslow and Eric Tyrrell-Martin.

At sunset on Wednesday the ashes of Francis McComas were buried beneath a great boulder on Cypress Point, and one of the cypress trees which he loved and had immortalized on canvas so many times will be planted over it in his memory.

McComas came to Monterey shortly after the turn of the century. He lived in the Abrego adobe and also in the adobe on Alvarado street in Monterey owned by the Miss Bonifacio of the Sherman Rose legend, and shared in the good old days with Charles Rollo Peters, George Sterling, Charles Warren Stoddard, Charles Dickman, Isabel Percy West, Asabel Hunter and Evelyn McCormick.

McComas' work is hanging in homes and museums throughout the world. He has exhibited in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, London and Paris and won many awards. Among his mural decorations are those at Hotel Del Monte and at Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach. He did many large decorative canvases for private homes. His death is a great loss to the community.

He is survived by his wife, Gene Frances Baker McComas, an artist of note in her own right.

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'RESOLUTIONS AND FREEDOM' ALL SAINTS' TOPIC

"Resolutions and Freedom" is the topic chosen by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé for his New Year's Day service at All Saints' Episcopal Church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Miss Joyce Uzzell will be the soloist with the full-vested choir which sings at this service.

At 8 o'clock next Sunday morning, Holy Communion service will be held. The Church School meets at 9:30 a.m.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MAYOR HERON ABOUT VOLLMER POLICE REPORT

My dear Bert:

I am addressing this letter to you because you appear to be the heavy champion on the city council of the Vollmer-Bechdolt-Norton proposal to raise our police department to the proportions of a regiment of infantry and retain at its head a most ineffectual commander-in-chief.

I say that you "appear to be" this champion because I have a sneaking feeling that your great delight in your last Wednesday night's prolonged enthusiasm for the Vollmer report was partly based on the opportunity it gave you to shoot humorous barbs over the lobby railing at me who, you knew, didn't think much of it. From my knowledge of you (and I have known you a long time) and what you have said to me on Ocean avenue (not *at* me in a council meeting) I believe that in your level mind, not your effervescent, you agree with me that the Vollmer report is screwy.

I believe that you agree with me because you and I know Carmel, its people, its history, its human nature and its tendencies. Frederick Bechdolt knows them, too, perhaps and probably, but Bech, it so happens, feels that he has a job to do, is plainly over-enthusiastic and belligerent about doing it, and is looking so hard at the job that he can't see the background against which he is doing it. Bech, I want to say, knows Carmel as well as you and I do, perhaps better, and certainly longer, but Bech is all worked up about a police department *per se* and not the relation of that police department to the community in which it is to function.

And that's the trouble with August Vollmer. I talked on two occasions with Vollmer when he was here two weeks ago, once alone with him for three-quarters of an hour, and again when Bechdolt read to the press Vollmer's report. On that second occasion I heard Vollmer say that a police department should be ready for any emergency, and later I heard Bechdolt voice Vollmer's opinion that the Carmel beach should be visited by a policeman at least once every hour.

On those two assertions, which I declare came from Vollmer, I base my right to impugn the testimony of the witness on the grounds of his sanity.

No city in the world has a police department capable or ready to meet every emergency. This is not possible any more than would be that of having a fire department to meet every emergency. It is possible that three fires could start at three widely-separated points on San Antonio street and a brisk west wind blowing. It is possible for three bands of thugs to arrive in Carmel simultaneously at 2 o'clock in the morning and start operations on the Monterey Bank, the Bank of Carmel and the Seven Arts Building. Bob Norton could run around like a whole flock of hens with their heads cut off and not do much about that, even with his camera and his handcuffs.

As for a policeman visiting the beach every hour, I wonder if August Vollmer ever went down and took a slant at that beach. Can't you imagine Lester Overhulse going down there on his prescribed hour, down to the foot of Ocean avenue—and what? Flashing his light to the quarter-mile expanse to the north, and turning, flashing it to the quarter-mile expanse to the south? Then round he turns and gallops back to his beat up town.

And what does he get out of that? There might be 643 people down there violating every law of God and man (that extra one is digging holes to watch the sea come up) and what would Lester know about it? And if he did know and he could stop whatever they were doing, they'd just go up to Hatton Fields and continue doing it, or do it over again. And who cares what goes on on the beach at 2 o'clock in the morning. Certainly it's a nice place for whatever it may be.

In his report, and that part of it which seemed particularly to please you, Vollmer recommends a night man on duty at the other end of your telephone at all times. That's not a bad recommendation at all. In fact, it's a good idea. But why add another man to the police department with the consequent expense? We have four men in the department now. There are 24 hours in every day. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln didn't have any more time than that and look what they accomplished!

Say we put a night man on from 10 o'clock at night until 6 o'clock in the morning; say we put one of our present men on at that time. You would still have three men available. Put one of those on patrol at the same time your night man is hanging on the telephone. Then, you would still have two men to divide the remaining 16 hours in the day, eight hours apiece. Then, if there were a riot or a bank robbery, or something, the remaining two sleeping men at night, could be called as emergency and would readily come—if they liked their jobs. In the other sixteen hours of the day, there would be three sleeping men in the day who should be willing to answer an emergency call from a brother officer.

As it is now, and as the police records readily show, we have four policemen who have darned little to do nine months in the year.

Or (and this touches on a subject not entirely foreign to my editorial comment in the past) you could retain your present force of four men intact for patrol work and still have a night man on duty at all times if the police department was such that the fire department would be willing to cooperate with it. We have a night fireman, on the other end of a telephone at all hours, who, night after night after night never has to lift his head to answer a fire call. The fire department at present refuses to

(Continued on Page Three)

ROBT. WALTON NAMED NIGHT MAN AT $135 A MONTH

Robert Walton, a graduate of the San Jose State College and a turned-out student of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's school for police officers, has been named a member of the Carmel police force and will take office on January 2. He will be called a junior officer and will be "temporary," whatever that means, and draw down a salary of $135 a month.

Bechdolt informed the council and those in the lobby that Walton is an expert radio man and capable of handling matters if and when the Carmel police are given a radio system which God forbid for a while.

The activities of Ida Theurer, owner of Colonial Terrace on Carmelo street between Twelfth and Thirteenth, came in for a lot of criticism at the council meeting, John Jordan of Pine Inn and Fred Godwin of La Playa contending that she is violating the zoning law by taking paid guests in her several apartments and feeding them at a price. Councilman Bechdolt contended that the city could do nothing without a complaint and suggested that either Jordan or Godwin swear to one. On this John Jordan went into the air sky-high. He got awful mad. He said that a complaint wasn't necessary; that the city had a zoning law and it was up to the council to enforce it. The council finally agreed that it would be up to City Attorney Billy Hudson to decide whether the city had a leg to stand on in prosecuting Mrs. Theurer. Billy was absent from the council meeting Wednesday, but he will probably have the Theurer situation to face before the next meeting.

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NEW EPISCOPAL BISHOP TO VISIT ALL SAINTS'

The Right Rev. Karl Morgan Block, L.L.D., D.D., newly consecrated bishop-coadjutor of the Diocese of California, will make his first visit to All Saints' Church on Sunday, January 8. At that time he will confirm a class and be the preacher at the 11 o'clock service.

A luncheon, in honor of Bishop and Mrs. Block, has been planned for that day at 1 o'clock p.m. It will be held at Pine Inn, and reservations must be made ahead of time by telephoning J. L. Cockburn (1198) or the Rev. Mr. Hulsewé (230). Luncheon will be 60 cents a plate and the affair is open to members and friends of All Saints' Church.

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DR. McKEE TO PREACH ON "GOD'S POEMS"

The New Year's Day service at the Carmel Community Church on Lincoln street has been arranged by Dr. Wilber W. McKee to be in keeping with this special occasion. The subject of his sermon will be "God's Poems." The service begins at 11 o'clock a.m.

The Church School will meet at 9:45 a.m. The minister's Bible class will resume its sessions on Sunday, January 8.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

We were quite delighted to receive a Christmas card addressed to us as the "Patron Saint of All Pups" and signed, "With Love, from All the Dogs in Town." Many, many thanks!

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Amber Belvail, and his feline assistant, *Ami*, would like a job as Christmas tree undecorators. The pair claim they are the very best undecorators on the Monterey Peninsula. And their master, Jack Belvail, inclines to agree with them. They completely undid the Belvail Christmas tree three times before Jack finally gave up in despair and refused to put it up again.

Amber says their system is really quite simple—but most effective. He chases *Ami* round and round the tree until it begins to sway. Then *Ami* takes a flying leap and scampers up the tree. *Amber* makes a quick lunge—and down comes tree, ornaments and *Ami*.

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A wee bit o' Scotland is *Laddie Boy* Murray, the young lad who traveled all the way from Argyleshire to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Murray. *Laddie* is a West Highland white terrier and comes from a fine old Scotch family. His ancestors can be traced back for over four hundred years. They were first used as hunting dogs by Malcolm of Portalloch who preferred them for this sport because of their light color. In fact, *Laddie* finds Carmel a bit dull because his ancestors for generations back hunted foxes, wild cats, otters, and such, and all he has seen here are two squirrels and a covey of quail.

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Among the Christmas visitors in the village was *Boo Hoo* Hays, of Berkeley, a stunning brunette, who is planning to enter the San Francisco Dog Show in January—and she should cut quite a swath among the cockers.

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There are two comparatively newcomers to the canine social set on The Point. One is *Yukon* Hughes and the other *Barney* McBride. The pair live next door to each other and are firm friends.

Yukon is a very fine figure of a dog, an Alaskan Spitz who has seen service as a sled dog in northeastern Canada. He belongs to Joseph Hughes and often goes with his master gold prospecting in rugged, snow-bound country that would delight a Robert Service.

Barney is a St. Bernard and belongs to Rex McBride. *Barney* has a penchant for getting lost, and this for a St. Bernard is no small feat. Of course, this little idiosyncrasy of his is contrary to all tradition, for his ancestors were developed by the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard in the Swiss Alps to help rescue the travelers lost in the mountains. There seems to be a bit of whimsy in *Barney*.

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The Inyo-Mono Ski Fields, located in the mountain areas surrounding Bishop offers a new and exciting winter playground to snow enthusiasts from all over the State, according to the outing department of the National Automobile Club. Ten resorts are conditioned and open for winter, two new modern ski-tows have been constructed and ski schools are being conducted for beginners. Additional equipment is available for highway snow removal.

Fred Robbins Loses 'Chips'; His Dearest Friend Is Killed by an Automobile

Friend Bassett:

I have lost my best and closest friend. He was only a dog—fox and Boston terrier—but, aside from my natural prejudice, I can truthfully say that I have never in my long life seen a dog as brainy or with such comprehension. He had many visitors—some from outside—and all said the same of him. I got him, a month old, to wait on a semi-invalid to whom stooping and walking were most painful.

He brought to her couch anything she asked for that he could lift—books, papers, cushions, brushes, towels— and kept the woodbox filled. I had him four years; have had many offers for him, but no money would buy him for he was worth his weight in gold. I'd give a leg to have him back.

I send this because he was so beloved by a great number of people, and they will be pained to learn of his passing. He was wonderfully alert and active and I only took him out for necessary exercise. He had some narrow escapes, and it should have prompted a leash. In the end he took a chance and lost.

My sincere good wishes to you all for the new year, which I hope will bring in bounteous measure all things you most desire.

Dec. 26. —FRED O. ROBBINS

CHIPS

Joyous romping in the morning sun
An automobile fleeting by.
A broken white body lay in the street;
And this beloved dog had to die.

Four years he had lived a happy life;
Such a life as few dogs knew;
Gentle kindness and loving care his—
From puppy days all the way through.

He had no voice to tell his love,
But ever in his eyes would shine
The richness of his affection,
And his faith and trust sublime.

There dwelt not, in that honest heart,
Trace of anger, treachery or deceit;
His eyes with friendly welcome shone,
On all whom his master would greet.

Where, in this world of men,
Or in all of the human kind,
Is there a heart that beats such love,
Of devotion and fidelity enshrined.

How many mortals do we find,
That have, like this dumb friend,
Such a wealth of love and affection,
That lasts until the end.

There surely is, somewhere above,
A place with Heavenly fold,
Where shepherds by a gateway stand,
To welcome such hearts of gold.

—F. O. R.

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Hawaii Writer To Be Woman's Club Speaker

Armine von Tempski, one of Carmel's picturesque people, will present the program at the general monthly meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club, to be held next Monday afternoon at 2:30 in Pine Inn assembly room. "The Hawaii You Don't Know" will be the subject of her talk, material for which will be drawn from her memories as a little girl and young woman on her father's cattle ranch in the islands.

Before she became a writer of novels and short stories, Miss von Tempski operated a dude ranch on that same Hawaiian baronial estate. She was young and very green at the time, but the experience gave her a fund of swell stories. When she began to write she voluntarily exiled herself from the islands, because she found their bland atmosphere not conducive to conscientious applying of the seat of the pants to the seat of a chair, the first requisite for successful writers. Armine has talked before many clubs in Southern California, where she used to live, but this will be her debut before a Carmel audience. She and her husband, Al Ball, also a writer, are house mates of Don Blanding.

The book section of the Woman's Club will also have its first meeting of the month next week, on Wednesday morning at 10:30 at Pine Inn. The speaker will be Laura Adams Armer, author of a number of books illustrated by herself, among them "The Waterless Mountain" and "The Forest Pool." She will be introduced by Edith Griffin, section chairman.

The garden section meeting, Thursday morning at 10:30, will be held at the home of Mrs. Edward S. Illig, on Randall Way, in Hatton Fields. Mrs. F. W. Clampett, chairman, has secured a speaker who will present an informal program.

"Birth of a Baby" Here Next Week

On Thursday and Friday of next week the Carmel Theatre is presenting "The Birth of a Baby," an educational picture. This film shows the entire process of childbearing, from the pregnancy to the final birth. It carries you through, from month to month, the actual methods employed by the medical profession today when a child is being brought into the world. Out of the 1955 physicians that attended a medical convention where the question of the value of the picture was being considered, 1951 voted for it. Children under 16 years of age will not be allowed in the theater unless they are accompanied by a parent.

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Salinas Plays Polo Today

Salinas will play Santa Barbara today in the third of the first round matches of the annual Del Monte New Year's polo tournament which started on Wednesday.

Tomorrow will see a match between the *Uplifters* and *Burlingame* and on Monday the tournament will enter the semi-finals stage with the finals scheduled for Wednesday.

The line-up for today's game, which promises to be one of the most exciting of the series will be as follows:

Salinas—Lester Stirling, Dick Collins, Lee Baker, Ralph Myers.

Santa Barbara—C. M. Converse, C. H. Jackson, George Oliver, T. B. Blakiston.

Other teams which were entered in the 14-goal event include Del Monte, the Presidio of Monterey, San Mateo and the *Penguins*.

The 14-goal tournament will be followed by an eight-goal event and the season will continue on through March when the high goal championship will be played for with British International players competing.

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Motorists driving to Los Angeles via the Coast Route during the winter months are cautioned by the touring department of the National Automobile Club to follow U.S. Highway No. 101 between Ventura and Los Angeles rather than 101A, also known as the Roosevelt Highway. This latter route is subject to slides during rainy weather and while every effort is made to keep the road open, it is likely to be closed temporarily or to be very muddy after the slides have been cleared.

A Good
NEW YEAR
To You
PLAZA FUEL CO.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!
for
"TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM"
WITH HILARIOUS OLIO
Played by the Troupers of the Gold Coast
in California's First Theatre in Monterey
TONIGHT, TOMORROW AND SUNDAY AT 8:40 P.M.
Tickets: Staniford's Drug Store, Carmel, Palace Drug Store, Monterey. All Seats Reserved 1.10 and 55c including tax

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SHOCKING REDUCTIONS!
•
SALE LASTS THROUGH JANUARY
•
HOLMAN'S
PACIFIC GROVE

"Laugh That Off" This Week-End

Holiday fare for the Peninsula as presented by the Carmel Players opened last night at the Filmarte Theatre with their gay and fast-moving comedy by Don Mullally, "Laugh That Off." This play, which once ran for 30 consecutive weeks in San Francisco with Ruth Taft, its present director, in the role of *Emmie*, has recently been revived in New York City. The star role of this well-known comedy has always been the part of "Remorse," because "Remorse" is such a fat comedy part. Its players have always been the top comedians in the field and have also always been tall, smooth, fast-moving men. Ruth Taft, in choosing Bob Bratt for the part, has violated one of the traditions of the stage. But she has no regrets. Bob, fundamentally and physically a 'heavy,' had to learn to move faster and raise his voice, and he did a swell job. If you went last night, you enjoyed him just as you always do, and you marveled further at his ability and natural talent. You also wanted to compliment him on the nice job he did with a part that was a new type of thing for Bob Bratt.

"Laugh That Off" tells the story of three young bachelors who live in a New York City rooming house. They adopt a beautiful girl to be their "sister" and member of the gang, and each swears not to make love to her. This doesn't work out so well. By the time the "sister" has made a surprise move or two, two of the "brothers" have already proposed and the third is unconvincingly non-committal about it. Then the war comes along. In the third act the gang is re-united on Christmas Eve, everything is unscrambled satisfactorily and the end is just the way you want it. The dialogue is amusing, there are several other good comedy parts, and "Laugh That Off" seems to be just the sort of fare that Carmel is looking for on a New Year's week-end.

In the cast, besides Bob Bratt, are Nina Kitselman, Beverly Tait, Edith Frisbie, Joan Tait, Del Page, Ted Leidig, Spud Gray, Frank Dickinson and Joseph Scelzi.

"Laugh That Off" will be played tonight, tomorrow night and Sunday night. Franklin Dixon, business manager for the Players, reports a brisk sale of tickets. Call up and make your reservations from the Filmarte Theatre.

—M. W.

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MISSION REPEATS MUSIC GIVEN AT CHRISTMAS

At Carmel Mission on New Year's Day the Christmas program will be repeated. Low Mass will be at 7 o'clock and at 9 o'clock a.m., and High Mass at 11 o'clock a.m.

At the High Mass the musical program is as follows:

Missa Noctis Sanctissimae (Mass of the Holy Night) by Daniel A. Wilson.

Offertory: *O Mira Nox* by Adam.

Sopranos: Anna Royka, Miriam Castagna, Marigold Gulick, Angela Reilly, Margaret Konarsky, Harriet Briggs, Frances Passailaigue.

Altos: Virginia Hale, Ursula Ramos, Lucille and Dorothy Wirth.

Basses: Sam Miller, Joe Clague, William Booker.

Organist: Noel Sullivan.

Christmas carols will be sung before and after the High Mass by the choir.

Noel Sullivan will play parts of *Missa Noctis Sanctissimae* at the 11 o'clock mass.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MAYOR HERON ABOUT VOLLMER POLICE REPORT

(Continued from Page One)

permit the police department to use this man who has nothing to do for many hours a night but await fire calls that do not come. It refuses because it cannot cooperate with the police as at present directed.

If we had a chief of police who could command the confidence of the men on the fire department, who had the tact which would permit cooperation, you would find it possible to use that night fireman as a deputized police officer. I am saying this by no authority but because of my uncanny knowledge of what goes on in this town. I say that the personality and ineffectuality of Bob Norton as a chief of police are responsible for this bad blood between the police and fire departments, a situation that can be classed as Carmel's public scandal No. 1.

And through a possible cooperation between the police and fire departments, firemen could be deputized for temporary paid service in every emergency, such as an influx of visitors on holiday week-ends, and the like.

Other recommendations of Vollmer's do not amount to so much when you thread them down. He recommends retention of the present personnel, declaring that what mistakes they have made have been those "of the head not of the heart." He certainly has been a police executive long enough to know that it's mistakes of the head that are so often incurable. You can do a lot with the heart. It is my contention, as it is Vollmer's, that our police department, especially at its top, suffers from the head, but my knowledge of the men, and the general public's knowledge of them, certainly leads to the firm conviction that there is nothing to do about three of them, at least, except to get them other jobs for which their particular brand of head is fitted.

Vollmer recommends a temporary lock-up. There have been times when I could see the justice in this, and perhaps it would be a good thing. As I understand transportation of prisoners to Monterey is not always safe for the conducting officers and it is an expense in time and money.

But I am convinced, Bert, and I believe that you will find that the majority of Carmel residents and taxpayers are convinced that we have enough men on our police department; that what we need is the right kind of men for the four police jobs, especially for the most important job of chief of police.

If we had a man in that job who possessed even half the mental attributes and stability of mind which August Vollmer had as chief of police of Berkeley we would have no difficulty in policing our city with a department of four men, as other cities of our size do.

And at the next meeting of the council, if you want to enjoy yourself by being funny at my expense, I may contribute to your Roman holiday by answering back; I may—I'm not sure what my state of mind may be at the time. But I'm beginning to think that you are taking this job of mayor not too seriously, but a bit humorously. Even humor, handled as adeptly as you handle it, can be run into the ground.

Affectionately,

—W. K. B.

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE

Hoyt Simmons is back again. This 15-year-old youngster is a tough, hard-riding bronc buster, and all he wants is a chance to get on a horse's back and stay there. When Hoyt isn't on the ranch, he's back in San Francisco, being a dutiful and well-behaved son to Mr. and Mrs. Carl R. Simmons, and manfully keeping up with his studies at the Bates high school where he is a sophomore.

Get him back on a ranch, however, and Hoyt reverts to his natural heritage. (His grandfather was a big ranch-owner in Laramie, Wyoming. Hoyt's father ran the same ranch up until Hoyt was six years old.) Cowboy lingo, at its choicest and most colorful, falls from the corner of his mouth naturally. His most prized possession is a silver belt buckle with a horse's head in gold mounted upon it. He won this at a rodeo last year at the H H Dude Ranch at Rockaway Beach for riding a bucking horse in a contest with men much older and more experienced than himself. He likes fast horses, likes to do things the hard way, and knows how to handle a rope. If he had his way, he'd cut school entirely and spend all his time at Rancho Carmelo. If you ask him what he's going to do, he'll tell you that as soon as he is through high school, he's going to buy a little place of his own and raise horses. *Port Wine* is his horse when he's at Mathiot's, and a poem about this horse and a drawing, both Hoyt's work, adorn a scrapbook he has made. Ray Lucas, horse-breaker, trainer and wrangler extraordinary at Mathiot's, is teaching him how to carve horses out of wood this Christmas vacation. Life has such a zest for Hoyt that all around him share it. That's one reason why we like to have him here.

—M. W.

"Ten Nights" Is On Tonight

Tonight, tomorrow and Sunday nights offer the last chance to see the great American temperance drama, "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," as played by the Troupers of the Gold Coast in California's First Theater, Monterey, according to the versions used by the principal English and American theaters.

The olio, which follows the melodrama, has some jolly surprises, among them the great song hit, "Experience,—or, How She Bought Eggs for an Omelet—and Nice Green Cabbages, Tra La La." Lloyd Weer, Byington Ford and Harry Hedger will climax the two years of "screamingly funny" acts enacted by the Troupers of the Gold Coast.

Other new variety acts include a new song by Madelaine McDonogh, "Fishes," by Mary Jean Elliott, and "An Episode in the Life of Mr. Zilch," while some of the old favorites will be repeated.

"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" is under the direction of Lloyd Weer, with Byington Ford as master of ceremonies.

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WEASELS GO ON RAMPAGE AT ROBLES DEL RIO

The weasels of Carmel Valley went on a rampage Christmas night. They stormed the poultry division of the Frank B. Porter estate at Robles del Rio and left 70 of Paul Porter's prize pouters and Minorcas in a sadly mutilated condition. In fact, they were very dead. We may write this in a slightly facetious style, but deep in our hearts we feel that steps should be taken, and taken immediately, in regard to the weasel situation. As we understand it, they merely satisfy their lust to kill and cast the carcass aside after sipping a few drops of its blood. Shades of Dracula!

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CARMEL MAN'S* SUITCASE
IN SAN FRANCISCO
And From It They
Took Two Christmas Gifts
—And Only Two
A NECKTIE AND TWO PAIR OF SOCKS
Bought at
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You Can Think Only One Thing About That!
*If You Ask Us We'll Tell You His Name

The Carmel Cymbal
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Theatre Xmas Party Big Success

The Carmel Theatre Children's Christmas Party, held last Monday morning, entertained 250 children and sent them home with an attractive gift, an orange, an apple, and a box of candy. Ernest W. Aldrich supplied 200 of the gifts of doll's furniture and alphabet sets, the Carmel Business Association was responsible for the other 50, plus the candy and fruit. Leo Lyons, manager of the Carmel Theatre, presented a fine screen program for them, besides donating the theater. There was a *Mickey Mouse* in color, a short subject that was received with definite approval by the audience, and a Bobby Breen picture, "Let's Sing Again."

The Carmel Business Association was represented by Captain J. Shelburn Robison, president; Walter Gaddum, Victor Graham, Jack Herron and Ernest Morehouse. Scoutmasters Hap Hasty and Paul McCreery were on hand to supervise the giving out of gifts by five scouts from each troop. The candy had been previously packaged by the Carmel Girl Scouts. The students from June Delight's studio presented some song and dance routines.

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ANOTHER LESTER ROWNTREE ARRIVES IN CARMEL

There's another Lester Rowntree in town. *He* arrived last Thursday, December 22, at the Peninsula Community Hospital. Dr. Margaret Swigart superintended his arrival and turned him over to his parents, the Cedric Rowntrees, who already have another son, Rowan Allen.

Young Lester comes into the community with his standing pretty well assured. All his family are well known in Carmel and have been for many years. He is named after his grandmother, Lester Rowntree, well-known writer and plant-hunter who spends part of each year at her Carmel Highlands studio. He is also the grandson of Mrs. Louise Hasty of Carmel and of Bernard Rowntree who has served on the Carmel city council and is now assessor for the Sanitary District.

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Bids are being received for construction of a reinforced concrete slab bridge across San Antonio Wash in U.S. No. 99, just east of the Los Angeles-San Bernardino County line, according to the touring department of the National Automobile Club. Two-tenths of a mile of highway will be graded and paved with asphalt concrete.

THIS THING AND THAT

The years come in, the years go out
In endless ordered cosmic rout;
Through star-dust's pale resplendent haze
The planets whirl and comets blaze;
Still scoots old earth through dizzy space
As though she had to get some place.

Oh, every time a year goes out
We blow a horn, we laugh and shout
And every time a year comes in
Right joyously renounce our sin;
For hope runs high in mice and men
When hour-glasses turn again.

—EDITH FRISBIE

Errol von Tempsky, Brother of Armine, Flying Instructor at Monterey Airport

Errol von Tempsky, resident of Carmel and brother of the writer, Armine (Mrs. Al Ball), is now associated with Monterey Municipal Airways. Alton Walker, manager, announces that Errol is replacing Charlie Ryan as instructor. Charlie, since he has sold out his interest in the airport to Walker, has left for the south to get in some more schooling. He is studying instruments at present.

Errol has had much experience in student instruction all up and down the west coast. He has been in the flying game around here for the past ten years. Last Wednesday night he flew Bo Kitselman to Bakersfield in the Fairchild. They had expected to pick up the eastbound plane there, but due to bad weather over the ridge it didn't come over. So Kitselman was driven from Bakersfield to Glendale in time to get a plane that would land him in Miami the following day. His father is ill, and it was in response to a wire from his family that he left so quickly. His wife, Nina, who has the lead in the current Carmel Players' production, "Laugh That Off," will have to carry on without his help this coming week-end.

Babette De Moe continues to discover that being the youngest pilot in the United States brings additional thrills, Malcolm Dewees of the Monterey Peninsula Association arrived at the Poklen house on Camino Real early one morning, took pictures of Babette bathing her little step-brother, Justin, of Babette opening fan letters, of Babette doing her homework, receiving her automobile license (which, by the way, she hasn't received yet, but will soon), and walking into the Monterey Union High School with her books under her arm. Then he marched her over to Del Monte, took pictures of her on the diving board and around the plunge. Then, over to the airport where Babette was shot as she peered into the innards of an airplane motor end as she stood by the Aeronca. The climax of all this picture-taking came when she was taken walking down the street with Bob Rand, another of our young fliers. Dewees was particular about getting the clock in the background with its hands pointing unmistakably to 10 o'clock, proving that Miss De Moe is not one to stay out late o'nights. All this publicity is being prepared for one or another of the picture magazines, perhaps *Look* or *Life*.

To get back to the serious business of flying, Babette tells me that she has been practising tail spins in the Taylor Cub under Fred Kane supervision. It seems that each plane spins differently. Her first two spins, with Kane getting a crick in his neck as he watched her from below, seemed to be nothing more than big spirals to her, so the next time she let the Cub spin four times before bringing it out. This gave a minor heart attack to the watchers on the ground, which was pretty silly of them, because Babette had known what she was doing every moment. The point is, however, that the first two spins which she classed as spirals, deserved the official approval after all and went down in her log book as such.

There is a school of sharks lying near shore towards Seaside. Babette saw them the other day from the air. She said their dark, motionless forms look huge and ominous.

Egged on by a few friends and benevolent onlookers, Babette's mother, Ruth Poklen, made her initial flight with her daughter last Monday morning at the Monterey Airport. Babette used the small Taylor Cub for the purpose, exhibited the Monterey Peninsula from a bird's eye view of 700 feet, came down for a perfect 3-point landing, and thanked her mother sincerely for this expression of faith in her ability as a flyer.

As for Ruth, who had never been off the ground before in anything, her reaction was the same as that of the rest of us who have flown with Babette. Never, for one moment, did she have any doubt of this child's control over the situation. There was a moment's qualm, due to the apparent inadequacy of teh material between her and thin air, but, with a little philosophy hastily applied, that soon evaporated.

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Adult Educaton To Go on Next Week

The various classes coming under the head of the Monterey Union Adult School that function through the various evenings of the week both on this side of the hill and the other, will continue to function with the week beginning Monday, January 9. Members of these classes will be sent announcements of the courses offered this week.

The only exception to this starting schedule are the life and portrait classes of Burton S. Boundey which begin Tuesday and Wednesday, January 3 and 4, respectively.

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Del Monte Plans Big New Year Party

Many Carmel residents will join with visitors from San Francisco, Los Angeles and the east to celebrate New Year's Eve at Del Monte.

With reservations already past the 600 mark indications are that this year's party will be the biggest ever held.

The spacious main dining room of the hotel has been decorated with colorful streamers and balloons and there will be special favors and entertainment.

Freddie Nagel and his orchestra will be waiting to meet the gay crowds and to speed the old year on its way with his captivating rhythm.

There will be dancing until the early hours of 1939 and the celebration will continue on New Year's Day with a golf tournament in the morning, polo games in the afternoon and dancing at night in the Bali Room.

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One single DOLLAR moves us to send The Cymbal anywhere in the United States for a whole year.

Construction of a new bridge across the Santa Ana River just south of Pedley will begin soon, reports the Riverside office of the National Automobile Club. The bridge will require an expenditure of about $76,000 and is scheduled for completion within the next six months. The old bridge was damaged by March floods.

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AS THE CROW FRIES

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

I sing the praise of liberty,
Of press and speech and pulpit free
That any man may speak his piece
Quite safe from soldiers and police.
It's great when all our residents
May criticise our presidents,
Their policies, their private lives,
Their children, and, of course, their wives.
I like the way disgruntled blokes
May peddle old and musty jokes
About that awful, awful man,
F.R., and all his awful clan.
I love to know that jokes in verse
(Which simply makes a bad joke worse)
About the leader of our land
May freely pass from hand to hand.
It thrills me when I realize
That men of any mental size
May pan the chief executive
From hell to breakfast and still live;
May pan the man in prose or song
When he is right and when he's wrong,
When he's at work or when he plays
Or when he swears or when he prays.
Though sometimes I would like to see
Them take a trip to Germany
And carelessly to exercise
Such freedom on the Nazi guys.
For though I'm all for liberty,
For press and speech and pulpit free,
This heritage from early wars
Has left the nation full of bores.

1939

Now comes the last year of the Thirty family. This has been a sort of Jukes family among years. Red letter days have been few in its calendar, though red ink has been plentiful on its ledgers.

Yet as its last diapered youngster is born we may reflect that perhaps the trouble with the Thirties has not been heredity so much as environment. When a new year is born it is put into our hands, and what happens then depends very much on what we do with it.

In Europe, of course, the heredity factor is stronger. Munich, for instance, is a child of Versailles. Hitler is a direct spiritual descendant of Clemenceau.

The trouble over there reminds me of a tale told me in the officers mess at Jahrud Fort, at the foot of the Khyber Pass.

It is about a war between two tribes in that wild country who had little fortified villages within gunshot of each other. For years they had indulged in sniping back and forth. And it became so annoying to one of the chiefs that he decided to do something drastic.

So he went away and bought an old muzzle-loading cannon of the type that decorated pre-war parade grounds, and a solid shot to match. He mounted the cannon, trained it on the enemy's fort, and "Boom!"

The shot went through the mud wall of the other tribe's village, doing a little damage and raising a lot of dust. Naturally the chief of the second tribe was peeved.

He wanted revenge. And he had half of the necessary material for that revenge. For he had a cannon ball.

So he sent away for a cannon to fit it. And then he fired it back.

One of the most unusual artillery actions in all history ensued. There were two cannon and one cannon ball. As quickly as the ball was fired from one village into the other it was picked up and fired back. And the battle lasted for months, till finally the cannon ball hit something harder than a mud wall and was shattered to pieces.

This ended the war. The boys had lost their ball. And when they began to figure on the amount of damage that had been done they discovered that the inordinate amount of powder which the cannon had required had cost them far more than all the expenses of rebuilding walls mutilated by the other fellow's pot shots. So they let it go at that.

In the same way the load of hatred and oppression has passed back and forth in Europe, with its staggering economic and spiritual costs to those who prepared for revenge. And the cannon ball shows no sign of shattering. But perhaps one of these days some statesman who has the ball in his possession will have sense enough to hold onto it and avoid the trouble and expense of firing it over for the other fellow to fire back.

In that way Europe might escape from its heritage of hatred. But it will require a nation wise enough to be generous when it feels strong enough to do otherwise if it wants to.

Here in America, however, we have no such problem at the moment. Our troubles are almost exclusively domestic. So when a new year is put into our hands we have no one but ourselves to blame if it turns out to be a fit inmate of Alcatraz.

We have built up a great economic structure and haven't learned how to run it. So when it runs away we blame the driver, and the driver blames the engineer, and a pleasant name calling is had by all —without achieving any results to speak of.

Now, it would not be seemly of me to try to tell the nation just what we ought to do about it, except in a very general way. Not just now at any rate. But unless we want the new year to be just as bad as his forebears we would do well to give him a Christian bringing up.

And this will require something very much like the change which alone can bring lasting peace to Europe. It will require a great deal of the sort of thing to which we gave at least lip service a week ago around our lighted trees. We need forbearance, good humor, Christian charity and a willingness to reason rather than to argue.

All through our national life we need more of it, in the White House and in the counting house; in the front office and the back shop; in chamber of commerce and labor halls. We need to stop bickering and start thinking. And if we will do this resolutely enough and broadmindedly enough we may count on it that a year from now we will be better and happier, richer and safer than we are today.

To deny this is to deny the practicality of Christianity.

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THE FOOL'S ERRAND

Once upon a time, in a wonderful kingdom that lay between two seas, there was a king who took his problems of state very seriously. He took them so seriously that he might have broken under the strain if he had not had about him many wise men to help him struggle with them and a very foolish fool to help him forget them and the wise men.

For things were not going so well in that wonderful kingdom. It had all started one day in the reign of the previous king when those who made the kingdom's goods discovered that they had made more than they could sell. So they stopped making so much and paid out less in wages.

But that meant that people with labor to sell could not sell so much of it. So they could buy fewer goods. And this meant that the makers of goods could sell even less and could buy even less labor.

And in the end nobody could either sell or buy much, though everybody would have been willing to sell if he could. And if everybody had been able to sell everybody would have been willing to buy.

Therefore many people were hungry. And the king fed them, taxing and borrowing from those of his subjects who still had substance, in order that he might do so.

The people whom he taxed murmured about this. And the kingdom was going broke. So a great council was called, to determine what might be done.

And hearing of it, the fool said, "I shall be there."

Whereupon the king's ministers and those other professional wise men who opposed the king's party laughed at him.

"This is a serious situation," they told him. "And it must be handled by serious heads."

The fool, however, laughed right back at them. For laughing was his business.

"On the contrary," he retorted, "it is a fool situation, and therefore should be handled by fools—which it doubtless will be whether I attend or not."

So he attended. And when the king had heard the petitions of those who did not wish to be taxed and of those who did not wish to starve, he was sore distressed. And he summoned the fool to him, to lighten his heart.

"Now what do you think?" he asked of the fool. "Should I take money from the rich to feed the poor, or should I not?"

The fool scratched his foolish head.

"Take money?" he murmured. "To feed the poor? I don't understand. They don't eat money, do they?"

"You'd be surprised," sighed the king.

The fool made a wry face. For like all jesters he was at heart a monopolist.

"But do your taxes add to the amount of food that men have to eat, or to the amount of clothing that they have to wear or of other goods that they must use?" he inquired.

"No," admitted the king. "But they do make it possible for me to divide such things more evenly among the people. For I see to it that those who would otherwise have neither food nor clothes get enough money to buy at least a minimum of these things with."

The fool pondered this in his muddy brain.

"In other words," he ventured, "you are taking from one part of your people that thing which they find hardest to get—which is money—and are giving it to other people, who must immediately turn it back into the very things which those from whom you have taken it might easily make more of."

"Perhaps," shrugged the king. "But what would you do?"

"Well," observed the fool, "I would let all men keep the thing which they find hardest to get and would take instead the things which they might easily make more of—and which are the very things which support life and give comfort."

At this a loud laugh arose from the crowd about. And a man with much learning and no love for the king cried:

"Is it not comforting to find someone in our land who knows less about economics than our king?"

The fool's eyes went open wide.

"Have we been talking economics?" he marveled. "I thought we were talking about money and goods and men and hunger. And I know a little of these things. But of economics I know nothing, so I stand rebuked."

"And well you may!" cried the man of much learning. "For none of us have time to listen to the wisdom of fools."

The jester bowed, and moved away from the throne. And going up to the man of much learning he handed him his stick of office.

"What's this?" demanded the wise man.

"I'm leaving the fools' profession," returned the jester. "For it seems to me that it is becoming overcrowded. I am going out to find out what is the matter with our great country. And if when I have found it all that I bring back is the wisdom of a fool I still think, perhaps, that there may be less danger to the land in the wisdom of fools than in the folly of wise men."

—Richard L. Masten

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Personalities & Personals

Ross and Thelma Miller had Mr. and Mrs. William Breitinger and their three children as their guests over the Christmas week-end. Mrs. Breitinger is Thelma's sister. The family comes from Bakersfield.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Comstock and George and Catherine Seideneck spent Christmas in Santa Rosa with Hugh's and Catherine's mother, Mrs. Nellie H. Comstock.

+

Mrs. Frank B. Comins and her sister, Mrs. Anne Wilson, drove down to Santa Barbara to spend Christmas with various members of the family.

+

De Witt, Jr., arrived in Carmel to spend the holidays with his parents, Captain and Mrs. De Witt Blamer of The Point. He returned to Berkeley on Monday, but will be back to celebrate New Year's in Carmel.

+

Virginia, daughter of the Willard Wheelers at Pebble Beach, was hostess last Thursday at a pre-Christmas party in honor of her cousin, Sally Green, student at Mills College whose home is in Aurora, Illinois. The guests were Jean Spence, Doris and Jean Crossman, Mary Morse, Marjorie Hastings, Martha and Jane Millis, Paula Schrapps, Patty Coblentz, Jean Hollingsworth and Frances Ford.

+

Jessie Joan Brown, her sister, Ellen, and their mother, drove up to San Mateo to celebrate Christmas with an aunt.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coggins of Medford, Oregon, and their daughter, Alice, who is a student at the University of Oregon, spent their Christmas holidays here. The Coggins are occasional visitors to Carmel. Other Medford visitors were Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Johnson, en route to Los Angeles, who called on Dr. and Mrs. Charles T. Sweeney to say, "Hi, Neighbor!" The Sweeneys, who are wintering here but toot Medford's horn a-plenty, entertained Mrs. Sweeney's sister, Mrs. S. G. Wilkinson, and her daughter, Laura, over the Christmas week-end. The Wilkinsons come from San Francisco, not Medford.

+

Oriana Chappell arrived in Carmel from Berkeley on Tuesday evening with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar L. Hamilton of Carmel Highlands. She is spending the remainder of the week in Carmel as the guest of Babette de Moe at the Camino Real home of her mother, Mrs. E. C. Poklen. Oriana is the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Chappell who was formerly associated with Del Monte Properties. Mrs. Chappell is now in the real estate business in Berkeley. Her eldest son, Jay, is working for an insurance company in Berkeley. Edgar, the younger son, is a student at Asheville School, and her youngest child, Eleanor, is attending Berkeley High School. Oriana, who graduated from Monterey Union High School last year, is now a student at A to Zed school in Berkeley.

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ROBLES DEL RIO LODGE

The Frank B. Porter family was re-united for the Christmas holidays. Paul, a student at the University of California, came home for the holidays, and Peggy, who is Mrs. Milton A. Marquard, came down from Oakland with her husband and Milton, Jr., who will be a year old next week. Last Thursday evening her mother and father entertained for her at the Lodge with a Tom and Jerry party and buffet supper. Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence McIntosh and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Palmer and daughters Sue and Nancy, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haaron, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Baldwin and daughter Betty, Miss Barbara Connell, Miss Amy Bingham and John Wright of Salinas, and Paul Porter were at the party.

Mrs. Margaret Brinton entertained Mr. and Mrs. Sam Baldwin and Miss Betty at a dinner last Friday night at the Lodge.

Miss Maya James and Louise Keith of San Francisco are guests at the Lodge.

Miss Barbara Connell has recently arrived from West Hampton Beach, Long Island, to be with her mother, Mrs. Paul Haaron, of Robles del Rio. We understand that Miss Connell is young, charming and attractive, so we hope her indefinite stay will turn into a permanent one.

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In that story we told last week about Virginia Norris and her new adobe headquarters for antiques, we made an error. There are *six* rooms overflowing with old furniture and glass and such, not three rooms, as we stated.

+

Robert Stanton, Pebble Beach architect, is the most recent addition to the flying student roster. He has work going on in various parts of California and he figures that flying to them would be the logical way of handling the situation.

+

MISSION RANCH

Members and friends kept dropping in all of Christmas Day in response to the invitations sent out by David Eldridge to come over to the Mission Ranch Club for egg nogs. The egg nogs were excellent, and the spirit of friendliness and cheer that grew and grew as friend met friend and others joined them, made this interlude one of the pleasantest of the holiday.

The Mission Ranch cottages have all been reserved for the coming week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Pillsbury of Hollister are coming with a party of friends and have spoken for one of them. Mrs. Elizabeth Blake and Mrs. Lurana Sharon of La Jolla, John McVay, Coleman Lamont and Katherine Osborne will come down from San Francisco, Mrs. Elsa Hillman and Mrs. Susan Falk from Berkeley have reserved another, Mrs. Verna Russell and her son, Kenneth, will come up from Hollywood, and Betty Carr has reserved one of them for her friends, Mr. and Mrs. David Hunter Kinzie of San Francisco.

Reservations for the New Year's Eve party, which includes a dinner from Mrs. Addie McKnight's famous kitchen, a dance, with the popular Mission Ranch Club orchestra ready with a score of new musical numbers, an entertainment, which promises the best in local talent, and a breakfast served at 4 in the morning, continue to pour in. It will really be a swell party, and David has managed to keep the tariff down to $6 a couple, and you can shoot the works for that.

Frank, Ruth, Charlotte and Honey Townsend are cavorting around on skis up in Yosemite. For the last four years they've managed to get in some winter sports, the whole family rating such things as the best fun of all, even beating horseback riding. We have a feeling that their skiing is more than adequate for an amateur standing.

+

Elizabeth Adams Ullman and Howard McGurrin were married on Thursday morning, December 22, at the church of St. Vincent de Paul in San Francisco and sailed at noon on the *Lurline* for a month's honeymoon in Honolulu. The bride is the granddaughter of the late Frank H. Powers, one of Carmel's founders, and also the granddaughter of Mrs. Jane Gallatin Powers of Rome, a direct descendant of Albert Gallatin who, as a member of President Jefferson's cabinet, arranged the payment to Napoleon Bonaparte for the Louisiana purchase. The bride's mother is Mrs. Madeleine Powers Ullman, and her uncles are "Hub" Powers of Carmel and Gallatin Powers. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McGurrin and the brother of Mary Catharine McGurrin and Edward McGurrin, Jr., of Palo Alto and Monterey. After their Hawaiian honeymoon, the McGurrins will make their home in San Francisco.

+

The young Coblentzes are in Carmel for the holidays, Patty from Mills College, Sam from the University of California. They've made their reservations to spend New Year's Eve at Hotel Del Monte.

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RANCHO CARMELO

Karl Mathiot is on his way home from Dayton, Ohio, and is expected in some time tomorrow. He is driving with a cousin of his, Joe Turpin, who will be a guest of the ranch for a while before he returns to his home in Dayton.

The ranch will be filled to overflowing for the New Year week-end. Reservations have been pouring in, mostly from former guests, because it's a well-known fact that if you stay there once, you always return. There will be a dance tomorrow night. Cowboys from the various ranches up the Carmel Valley will be on hand, besides many people from Carmel. New Year's Eve at Rancho Carmelo has always been one of their busiest times of the year.

CARMEL THEATRE

Thur, Fri • Dec. 29, 30

Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt
F. P. I. DOESN'T ANSWER
Robert Livingston, June Storey
ORPHANS OF THE STREET

Saturday • December 31

The Jones Family
DOWN ON THE FARM
Ann Shirley, Nan Grey
Ralph Bellamy
GIRL'S SCHOOL

Sun, Mon, Tues • Jan. 1, 2, 3

Pat O'Brien, James Cagney
Ann Sheridan
ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES

Wednesday • January 4

Errol Flynn, Rosalind Russell
FOUR'S A CROWD
Also 10-Win

Thur, Fri • Jan. 5, 6

Eleanor King, William Post, Jr.
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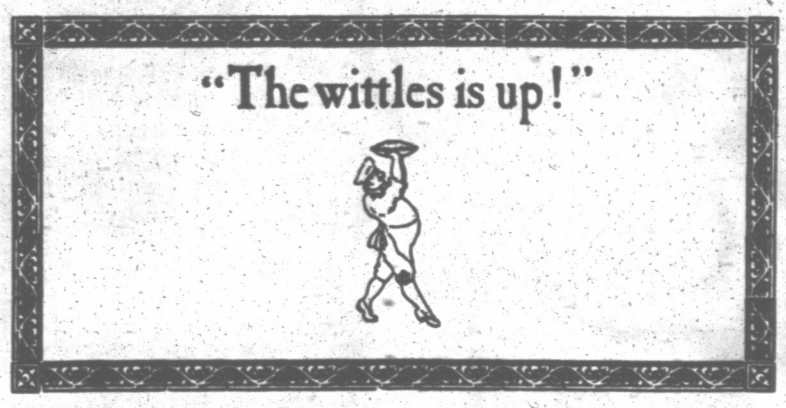

Well, it's good-bye to 1938 this week! As for 1939—what it will bring us I don't know, but one thing seems fairly safe to predict: we'll eat 1095 meals in the next 365 days. There's a thought for the New Year!

+

Just for the moment that is enough about food, don't you think? At any rate, I find my mind lingering over the subject of transportation. Without any particular amazement we in 1938 read magazine and newspaper advertisements that tell us we can fly across the continent practically overnight . . . we read the most incredible statements, think casually what fun it would be to hop across for a couple of days in the East, and go on to the next page where we read with equal interest an advertisement of an innerspring mattress which would carry us only to the land of dreams where incredible things are quite normal. Sometimes it seems as if we were living in a sort of dream to-day; certainly we are taking for granted marvelous things which people only a few decades ago didn't *dream* would ever be possible.

Think what one could do in three days' time, if money were no consideration, I was saying to my mother-in-law recently in one of those moments of Wanderlust we all have. Even with only three days off one could fly East, have a day and night in New York and fly back again—all in less time than a one-way train trip across the country!

"Three days," remarked my mother-in-law, "that reminds me of my first trip to the Yosemite . . ." and she told me how she and the Southern Pacific Railroad made transportation history, a thrilling tale in which she played the part of a female Phineas Fogg . . .

It was in the early 1880's and the confidential agent for Leland Stanford, president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, was none other than her husband, James Madison Bassett. He came home one day with a rather startling proposition. The railroad was advertising the Yosemite Valley as a nice side trip for tourists who came to San Francisco and as an added inducement was assuring them they could go to the Valley and back, taking in all the interesting sights, in the record time of three days. This was all very well for the sterner sex but tourists more often than not were accompanied by their better halves and it was necessary to convince them that this remarkable trip could be safely taken by women also. The Southern Pacific offered its confidential adviser the trip, with all expenses paid, if he would take his wife to prove it could be done by a woman.

His wife, then in her early twenties, hadn't the slightest objection to playing the part of guinea pig for the experiment; in fact, I suspect she jumped at the chance of such a thrilling adventure, left her two small babies in competent care, packed a bag and set forth gaily. I wish she could remember just what she wore but details have faded from her memory and only the main facts stand out across the long span of years. And this is how they accomplished their stunt trip.

They left on a Wednesday evening on a Southern Pacific pullman car which got them to Raymond early the next morning, early enough, in fact, to take their seats in the old stage coach which left at 6:30. The driver of that old four-horse stage was probably Tom Gordon who not long ago took part in the Admission Day celebration at Wawona by driving the coach again and whose picture and story appeared in all the papers at the time. For many many years Tom Gordon used to "skin" the "cannon-ball express" from Raymond to Yosemite, driving the 60 miles between 6:30 in the morning and 6 in the afternoon. Horses were changed every 10 miles.

To the Southern Pacific's representatives these stops to change horses came none too often for it was tough going on the roads of those days. They jounced and swayed and rattled and bumped without let-up. My mother-in-law was a slender girl who didn't have to worry about eating fattening food and she couldn't stay down on the seat. Finally, after her head had hit the top a couple of times, her 200-pound husband put his arm around her and anchored her down. Just how much strength they had left to enjoy the wonderful scenery of that amazing country they were passing through is a question!

They arrived at Wawona in time for dinner (but what they had to eat is lost in the mists of the past) and immediately after dinner they took their weary, shaken bodies to bed. The first lap of the race was successfully accomplished.

It was well they had retired early for it was still dark next morning when they were awakened to continue their trip. Part of the advertised sightseeing, of course, was the grove of Big Trees and through this they were duly conducted. It was not what you would call leisurely sightseeing, to be sure, but they could say they had seen the trees and had even been driven through the trunk of the famous redwood which has been pictured so many times on post cards. It was noon when they finally drove up to Cook's old hotel in Yosemite Valley, then an old one-story wooden building with a wide porch across the front.

Lunch over, off they went on horseback up the narrow four-mile trail to Glacier Point. After the long rough stage-coach ride and the early rising even the young and hardy female guinea pig might well have preferred to spend a few hours stretched out on a bed. But this was no time for resting. There was a goal to be reached, a record to be made. So up onto the horse's back she climbed. No matter if she had not ridden horseback since that time on the wheat ranch in Calaveras County when she was a girl of fourteen; no matter how her legs shook with fear and fatigue from the long coach ride—it was do or die now. The trail was so narrow that her toes dug into the snow at the sides and she kept her eyes fixed steadily ahead as they slowly mounted what seemed an endless number of miles. Finally they reached the top and there spread out before them lay that indescribable view, the wild mountain masses and the deep cleft of the valley with its tall pines far below looking like toy trees. But poor young Mrs. James Madison Bassett was too weary and lame to do more than gaze apathetically at her first sight of this famous natural wonder. They did not go out on that rock which hangs in such a terrifying way over the edge of the precipice. She was too tired to crave the thrill and her husband remarked that he was taking no chances because sometime that rock was going to fall and he knew it would be just his durn luck to be on it. Nearly sixty years have passed since then—and the rock is still there. I wonder what he would have thought if he could have lived to see people drive automobiles out onto it!

The trip down the trail again was worse than the going up, what with sliding down onto the horse's neck and the horse sliding precariously on the slippery ground! When they reached the hotel my mother-in-law had to be helped off her steed and when she reached her room she collapsed on the bed in a dead faint. Oh yes, a woman could make this delightful little pleasure trip but the Southern Pacific probably never knew just how much their confidential agent's wife enjoyed it. She rallied, however, in time to eat dinner and let's hope it was good nourishing, reviving food to strengthen her for the remainder of the jaunt. Right after dinner they went to bed to get as much rest as possible before they were obliged to drag themselves out again at the cold, dreary hour of three a.m. to take the stage back to Raymond. At Raymond they boarded the train once more and at the end of the afternoon landed in Oakland.

It was just three days from the time they started. All was serene. The Southern Pacific Railroad could truthfully advertise to eager tourists that this delightful side trip to the wonders of the Yosemite Valley could be safely accomplished even by a woman!

—Constant Eater

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McCREERY GIVES HIS SCOUTS MARVELOUS OUTING

Boy Scout Troop No. 86 of Carmel, P. A. McCreery and Don McManus in charge, held its Christmas party last Friday at Robles del Rio Lodge. Jim Handley, Jim Welch, Homer and Louis Levinoon, Bob Holm, Gordon Stoddard, Arthur Jones, Hugh Gottfried, Bradley Quinn, John Moreing, Harry Warrington, Sandy Hook, Robert Dewar, Lew McCreery, Don Staniford, John Graham, Dean Michaels, John Wood and Jack Gansel swam in the pool, ate tremendously of lunch and then played games for the remainder of the afternoon, of which archery seemed to be the most fun. Mrs. Frank Porter, manager of the Lodge, sang their praises high. She had never before seen such a well-behaved group, and feels that a part of the credit should go to the scoutmasters.

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Musical Art Club Meets Jan. 3

The Van Ess-MacGowan home at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club will again be the setting for the Musical Art Club when it holds its January meeting on Tuesday evening, January 3.

The program, under the direction of Mrs. Margaret Grant, will be devoted to the music and life of the great Italian composer, Rossini. It will open with a short biographical sketch of his life by Mrs. Grant. A recitative and aria of *Bertha*, from the "Barber of Seville" by Laurann Chinn will come next on the program, followed by *Je Puis Sans Peine* of *Nizza* from the same operetta.

Helen Ware will present a recitation from "William Tell." Don Layman, basso-baritone, will do a recitative and aria from "Robert Bruce," Laurann Chinn a tarantella, *La Danza*, from "Barber of Seville," followed by Helen Ware doing recitations from "Barber of Seville" and "Semiramis." The program will conclude with Don Layman singing two arias from "Semiramis."

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At Highlands Inn Dr. and Mrs. Siegfried Bernfeld of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lynn of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Weber of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Adams of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. A. Russell, Jr., of Tucson, Arizona are honeymooning. Miss May Belle Brog of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond G. Stanbury of Beverly Hills are also guests at the Inn.

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All Saints Has New Choir Director

All Saints' Church is to have a new choir director. R. E. Manhire will take up his new duties on January 5. He comes to Carmel with a sound background of musical experience. Several years in music at Stanford University and San Jose State College, with experience gleaned with the Palo Alto Light Opera Association and the Community Players orchestra, formed his student background.

Manhire, previous to becoming music instructor in the Monterey Elementary Schools, was choir director of the Methodist Church in Palo Alto, and also at All Saints' Church in Palo Alto. His music contribution to Carmel should be a rich one.

The privilege of training under him is still open to a few. Applications should be made through the Rev. Mr. Hulsewé or Manhire.

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NEW TEA ROOM OFFERS SPECIAL INTEREST

If you're up for the afternoon mail and feeling a bit droopy, drop in at the Nell Gwynn tea-room close by. Zoya Parrish is there, Zoya who pretends to read out of a tea cup, but in reality is so sensitive to your personal vibrations that she can interpret past, present and future from them. Zoya was associated with Jane's Cake Shop last summer, made loads of friends, and then went over to the San Carlos Hotel. She liked it there all right, and everyone did all they could to make it pleasant for her. But Monterey isn't Carmel, and Zoya belongs to Carmel. That's why she's back again.

Mrs. Helen Bowles is the owner-manager of the Nell Gwynn Tea Room. It is she who makes the jars of special preserves, such as the famous pear-ginger marmalade, and all the enticing cakes, pies and cookies. This tea room is the agent for the homemade Patio candies, made in Salinas, too.

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Increase of railroad traffic is anticipated in 1939, but this larger volume of business will not be sufficient to assure against major financial breakdowns in the railroad industry unless it is accompanied by public action to enable the roads to cope with new and changed conditions.

This statement was made in San Francisco this week by A. D. McDonald, president, Southern Pacific Company, in a year-end review.

"The present railroad situation is characterized by increased costs in every phase of operation and by greatly increased competition," said McDonald, "while income has decreased and the degree of managerial freedom to meet the new conditions remains largely that of the long-past era when railroads had virtually a monopoly on land transportation in this country. The most encouraging phase of the railroad outlook is that the country now shows a definite disposition to take remedial action, realizing there can be no permanent prosperity until the fundamental transportation problem is solved."

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Recent storms in Southern California have left in the higher regions of the local mountains, a deep blanket of snow and winter sport enthusiasts are busy oiling boots, waxing skis and in general, overhauling their outing gear in preparation for week-end trips to favorite locations, according to the outing department of the National Automobile Club. Motorists planning such trips are cautioned to secure reliable information on weather conditions and advisability of equipping their car with chains in order to reach their destination.

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CLASSIFIED ADS, run two or three times, get many more than two or three times the results.

THINGS TO COME

MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre, Ocean avenue at Mission. Evening performances at 7 o'clock. Matinees at 2 p.m. each Saturday and Sunday.

Today, "F.P.I. Doesn't Answer" with Leslie Fenton and Conrad Veidt. Also "Orphans of the Storm." On Saturday, "Down on the Farm" with Ann Shirley, Nana Grey and Ralph Bellamy. Also "Girl's School." On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, "Angels With Dirty Faces" with Pat O'Brien, James Cagney and Ann Sheridan. Wednesday, "Errol Flynn and Rosalind Russell in "Four's a Crowd." Also 10-Win. Thursday and Friday, "Birth of a Baby" with Eleanor King and William Post, Jr.

The Carmel Players present "Laugh That Off," comedy by Don Mullally, at the Filmarte Theatre tonight, December 30, 31 and January 1.

PLAYS

The Carmel Players will present "Laugh That Off." comedy by Don Mullally at the Filmarte Theatre on December 29, 30, 31 and January 1.

The Troupers of the Gold Coast will present "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" and many additional olios at Monterey's First Theater on December 30, 31 and January 1.

MUSIC

The Carmel Music Society presents Angna Enters at the Sunset Auditorium on January 30.

The Musical Art Club presents a Rossini evening at the Van Ess-MacGowan home in the Monterey Peninsula Country Club on January 3.

FUN AND FROLIC

Dinner-dance-breakfast on New Year's Eve at the Mission Ranch Club.

Carmel Players are putting on the floor show at midnight on New Year's Eve at the San Carlos Hotel in Monterey.

SHAKESPEARE READINGS

Friday night at the Green Room under Herbert Heron's direction.

DRAMA WORKSHOP

All Carmel Players' workshops will discontinue until the week beginning January 9 when the new adult education term will begin.

ART EXHIBITIONS

Carmel Art Gallery, Dolores street north of Ocean avenue. Open from 2 to 5 each day. Shows change each month.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

The Carmel Woman's Chess Club meets at 8 p.m. every Thursday at the American Legion Clubhouse. Everybody welcome.

Players Stage San Carlos Floor Show

The Carmel Players are putting on the floor show at the San Carlos Hotel in Monterey on New Year's Eve. The last time they pulled this smartie trick was Hallowe'en, and everybody loved it, even the management. This New Year's Eve appearance is the result of special requests that have poured in from all sides.

The Players are presenting an entirely new program . . . well, almost entirely. The only repeat will be the "Lambeth Walk" number, and this is at the request of the San Carlos management. The rest of the show will be replete with new talent and new numbers.

Franklin Dixon, business manager for the Players, reports a *find!* She is six-year-old Barbara Jean Burstein, and if you haven't already heard of her, you soon will. She will dance a something called the "Cuban Heel," do a hula, and sing in Hawaiian, and they do say as how it's pretty cute. Spud Gray is in charge of the floor show.

The floor show begins at 11:15 on Saturday night. At midnight there will be a surprise number, specially planned to usher in the New Year. We don't know much about it, but we have a faint idea that a brand-new year clad in three-cornered pants will be in it, and Frank Dickinson, complete with scythe and other accoutrements, will be Father Time.

The entire cast of "Laugh That Off" will go to the hotel after the performance as guests of the San Carlos management. Many people are reserving their tickets for "Laugh That Off" in groups, planning on leaving for Monterey as soon as the final curtain falls. It all sounds like an exceedingly big evening.

—M. W.

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"Angels With Dirty Faces" Coming

"Angels with Dirty Faces," a picture that seems to have induced applause during its long run in San Francisco, if you can believe what you read in the papers, comes to the Carmel Theatre on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, January 1, 2 and 3.

Starring James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, the "Dead End" Kids, Humphrey Bogart, George Bancroft and Ann Sheridan, "Angels with Dirty Faces" is dedicated to the thousands of slum boys who next week or next year must choose between crime and honesty. Quoting from *Motion Picture Daily*: " 'Angels with Dirty Faces' starts with the precision and speed of the Twentieth Century Limited and gets where it is supposed to go with the same precision and speed. It is 97 minutes of emotional conflict that seems so real, the audience feels itself participating in the action."

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MARIONETTE THEATRE

John and Mitzi Eaton in the Court of the Golden Bough on Ocean avenue present puppet shows from Thursday night through Sunday at 8 p.m., with matinees on Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

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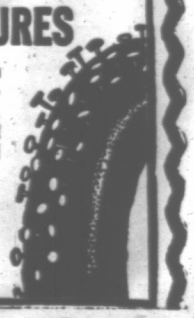

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Personalities & Personals

Mrs. Clara L. Beller received an airmail letter from Alvin Beller written Christmas night from Oaxaca, Mexico. It gives a vivid little word picture of the festival there—"The town had a large Christmas tree and a Santa Claus and the people were giving hundreds of presents to the children. Processions of young people marched through the streets holding lighted Japanese lanterns which was a most colorful sight."

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Lieutenant Robert Fergusson and his wife, the former Charlotte Lawrence of Carmel, will leave the Presidio of Monterey after the first week in January and move to Fort Scott in San Francisco, where he will take over his duties as aide to General H. T. Burgin.

Charlotte is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. C. G. Lawrence. Like her father, she has been active in Carmel Players productions and will be missed in dramatic circles. There will be many informal farewell parties for this young couple during the brief time that remains before their departure.

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Captain and Mrs. Philip Shotwell and their two daughters, Sue and Norma, left the Presidio of Monterey last Saturday and spent Christmas with members of the family in Glendale. Captain Shotwell's mother came out from Missouri for the occasion. Sue, a student at Occidental College, has been home on vacation for the last two weeks. Part of that time she had her roommate, Mary Cumberland, down as her guest. Among the Presidio parties given for the girls was that of Mrs. James Callicut. They also attended the hunt breakfast held on Sunday, December 18, at the Indian Village, and the dinner given by Colonel and Mrs. Lester Sprinkle before the junior hop. In the midst of all these social activities they managed to spend three days in San Francisco just for fun and shopping. On Thursday evening, Captain and Mrs. Shotwell entertained their friends and friends of their daughter's at a dinner party held at the San Carlos Hotel.

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Colonial Terrace flung wide its doors on Christmas Eve and more than 40 persons enjoyed the hospitality set forth in the Monk's Kitchen where a great log fire burned and glowed from 9 o'clock that evening until the small hours of Christmas morning. Turkey followed cocktails through the midnight hour and good wishes were exchanged with old friends. Those present were Irene Alexander of New York and Carmel, Daisy Bostick, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Butterfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. MacFarland, Mr. and Mrs. R. Schudolf, Mr. and Mrs. A. Poor, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Cooke and son, Bobby, Mrs. Virginia Moore, Harold Hudgins, Paul Van de Veer of Holland, Mary Camp, Mrs. A. A. Arehart of Monterey, Jules Kayhofer, Mrs. Louise Streeter, Arthur Steinmetz, Mrs. Amy Montagu, Mrs. Virginia Norris, Milton Fullner and Bill Forrester. A lighted tree lent color to the Carmelo street terrace and Christmas decorations were particularly attractive throughout the house.

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Dr. and Mrs. Dave Anderson of Carmel Point entertained Mr. and Mrs. Jack Finen who came up from Los Angeles to spend Christmas week with them. The Andersons left for San Francisco today and will celebrate New Year's with their friends, the Irving Gundersens, whose home is in that city.

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FOREST LODGE

What sounded to us like the best Christmas dinner of all was the one held at Forest Lodge where they had a suckling pig as well as a huge turkey. The suckling pig weighed 40 pounds, so in all probability his suckling days had been over for some time, but we like the term. He made a dramatic entrance into the dining room. In his snout was an apple, on his tail a bow, cranberries adorned his eye sockets and a wreath of parsley decorated his substantial middle. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, with the aid of Berthe von Kleinschmidt, had made some clever little angels out of tin for favors. There were 38 guests. Among the in-towners were Berthe and Ellen von Kleinschmidt, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gibbons and their daughter, Mollie, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Butterfield, and Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard with Shirlie and Gordon.

Guests at the Lodge during these festive holidays include Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Griffith of South Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Haley of San Francisco, and Mrs. Tessie L. Howes and her son, Roland L., also of San Francisco. Mrs. Haley is prominent in San Francisco musical circles, holding an official chair in the music society there, and is also a teacher of voice.

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Barbara Winslow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Winslow of Carmel, and sister of Mrs. Ranald Cockburn, also of Carmel, is now ranked fourth among American women tennis players. Last year Barbara rated eleventh in rankings, so, you can see, she has come up in the world during this past year.

This new rating came as a pleasant Christmas surprise for her, because the official rumor was that her ranking would be eighth instead of fourth.

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News from an authentic source says that Dorothy Comingore is now under contract to Columbia.

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Further snooping reveals the fact that Dick Bare, now in the south, has just sold a movie script to an independent producer.

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Edith Frisbie spent Christmas up in Berkeley with her sister, Mrs. Helen Kellogg. It was a family get-together.

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The annual re-union of the Bixler family took place this year at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bixler at Fourteenth and Carmelo. There were 12 places set at the Christmas table. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Bixler and their two children, Laurel and Bruce, there were Mrs. Bixler's mother, Mrs. Ella Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bixler of Oakland, Ernest's parents, a sister, Mrs. Alta Smith and her son Billy of Oakland, a sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Harry Henry of Oakland, and a brother, Richard Bixler, of Carmel.

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The Viking Hut, Carmel Highlands home of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. McCabe, was the scene of the family celebration that took place at Christmas time. Mrs. Ida McCabe arrived from Santa Rosa last Saturday for a visit with her son and daughter-in-law. She will stay on through this week. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hoffman of Guerneville completed the party.

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Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Morbio of Berkeley will arrive at the Martin J. Petersons' this week-end. Mrs. Morbio, who, as Lucille Culver, played in the original production of "Love Apples," will probably stay at the Petersons' for several weeks and her husband will be down week-ends while she is here.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Townsend of Syosset, New York, who have been guests at Del Monte Lodge this fall, were hosts on Christmas night at a buffet supper and dancing party at the Lodge. Champagne cocktails were served in the Indian Room before dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Townsend's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hopping, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mack, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Terry Preece, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Rittenhouse, Major and Mrs. N. W. Leaf, Mallace Schaiffer and Richard Collins.

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Down at Big Sur the Carl Vosses entertained a group of their friends at Christmas dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Joe and Hester, Miss Orre Haseltine, Miss Clara Hinds, Mrs. J. B. Adams and her sister were those present.

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Terms too! Small cash payment, balance monthly just like rent. Fine investment. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue. Phone 66. (25)

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1½ acre lot being sold at a sacrifice price of $1500. An opportunity to secure a large area for the price of an ordinary small Carmel lot. Location is good, not far from the Lodge, expensive homes close by. This lot is easily worth twice the price of $1500. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue. Phone 66. (25)

$4500, ON TERMS
Redwood Carmel Type cottage, attractive design. 3 bedrooms. Gas heat. Large lot, 80 x 140 feet. Trees, sunny, good location. Compare this property with other Carmel values. We know it is a bargain. We can arrange terms to suit your ideas. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue. Phone 66. (25)

YOU DON'T yell down a well when you use a Cymbal Classified Ad. You shout from a mountain top.

REAL ESTATE WANTED

WANT A HOUSE in Carmel for $3000 cash—full price. Must be a bargain. Address Box L-38, Cymbal. (2)

IF IT'S a blonde you want, say so. Brunettes read The Cymbal Classified columns, too.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

MONTE VERDE APARTMENTS. Newly remodeled. Ocean view. Large, comfortable rooms and apartments. Attractive rates. Monte Verde near Ocean. Tel. 71. (tf)

IF YOU have a room you don't want to rent, keep it out of The Cymbal Classified columns.

TEACHING

EUPHONIC MUSIC METHOD for advance students who are interested in teaching children. It includes child harmony color course. Investigate. Phone 127. (3)

WHEN YOU advertise in The Cymbal you talk to a parade, not a mass meeting. Run the ad twice or three times.

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE OF ELECTION FOR THE FORMATION OF A HIGH SCHOOL DISTRICT

School Code Section 2.510 et seq.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified electors of the Sunset School District of Monterey County, California, that an election will be held on Tuesday, January 10th, 1939, at the Sunset Schoolhouse of said district, for the purpose of voting upon the question of the formation of a High School District, to be named Carmel High School District and to consist of the following School Districts:

1. Sunset

The polls will be open between the hours of 2:00 o'clock p.m. and 7:00 o'clock p.m.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are:

William Overstreet—Inspector.
Florinda Holm—Judge.
Elizabeth Sullivan—Judge.

(Signed) JAMES G. FORCE
County Superintendent of Schools.

Office of County Superintendent of Schools, Salinas, Monterey County, California. December 22nd, 1938.

For laws governing this election, see School Code section 2.510 et seq.

(Signed) V. KERSEY
Superintendent of Public Instruction

First insertion, Dec. 23, 1938.
Last insertion, Dec. 30, 1938.

Carmel Hospitality

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At Home In A
Friendly Atmosphere
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San Carlos at Eighth • Phone 691

Newly Remodeled
Monte Verde Apts.
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Pine Inn Telephone 600
RATES
European: Single $3.00 to $5.00
Double 3.50 to 6.00
American: Single 5.00 to 6.00
Double 8.00 to 11.00

7th & Lincoln • Tel. Carmel 800
Hotel La Ribera
"Home of Hospitality"
European Plan • Rates from $3

It's Been A Good Year . . . We Thank You

WILLIAMS'

Restaurant • Candy Store